

Pelling Reform That Made Laughs. BRANES.

By Josh Billings.

BRANES are a sort of animal pulp, and by common consent are supposed to be the medium of thought.

How every body knows that the branes do the thinking, or are the interpreters of thought, is more than I can tell; and, for what I know, this may be one of those remarkable discoveries of man which ain't so.

These subjects are too much for a man of my learning, but I want to say any of them, and I have too much veneration for my guess at them.

Branes are generally supposed to be located in the head, but investigation says that they are planted all over the body.

And that a dancing master's are situated in his heels and toes, while a fish's are all centered in his snout.

Some people's branes seem to be placed in their hands and fingers, which gains their great genius for taking things which they can reach.

I have seen cases where all the branes seemed to be congregated in the tongue; and in a grade where they inhabit the ears, and then we have a good many, but these are seldom cases.

Some times the branes ain't any where in particular, but all over the body at once. These fellows are like a wet wire just before a hard shower, in a hurry, and always trying to get a different way to get on.

There seems to be cases where there ain't any branes at all, but this is a mistake. I thought I had run across one of these kind once, but after watching a peasant for an hour, and see him drink 5 horns of poor whiskey during the night, I had no trouble in telling where his branes all lay.

I have finally come to the conclusion that branes, or sum thing else that is good to think with, are excellent for use; but you want to keep your eye on them and not let them phool away their time, nor yours neither.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their love affairs by writing to Betty Vincent, 1111 Broadway, New York City. Letters for her should be addressed to BETTY VINCENT, Evening World, Post-Office Box 1254, New York.

Candestine.

Dear Betty:

I am a young man and have been interested in a girl for two years. Her folks disapprove, as our religions differ. We are engaged, but my folks know nothing about it. I have a share in a business. Shall we let the folks know now or after a while? We are not going to be married for a year or so.

S. H. R.

Give her books or candy. Conduct yourself as a gentleman and lady would, and you cannot go wrong.

Has Several Homes.

Dear Betty:

I have been in love with a young man for about one year. As his name is located in a different State, I do not see him very often. He has a country home and has just returned after three months' stay there. All

though he wrote occasionally I am doubtful as to whether he has ceased to love me. He expects to go to his summer home again very soon. He says that he only came to town to see me and that he loves me. He told me of some girls who were acquainted with him up there, and one of the girls wanted to marry him but he refused. Still he is going up there again and no doubt he will be in their company most of the time. Do you think that he ought to return when I am so lonesome without him? Would it be fair not to answer his letters? I would not act as if I cared too much. Be a little indifferent to him. I would answer his letters. It would be foolish not to.

Is He Offended?

Dear Betty:

THERE was a young man calling at my house for four years on business, and we got to like each other very much. As he is a faithful worker, he got promoted, and he called once a week to see me, and always brought a small present. He never asked me out, and never asked me if I cared for him, but spoke about making me his wife. The last time I saw him was in April, and in our conversation I asked him if he ever took his friends out. He said no yet. When he was going away I asked him when he would call again, and he said the early part of the following week. He called, and he said he would be up the early part of the next week, and he did not come. I wrote to him if he wanted to, but he said no. Just ask him to call, then find out what is the matter.

THE 'JOLLY' GIRLS—THEY Win! By George McManus



HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Potato and Beef Hash.

MIX some cold beef, a little fat with the lean, put to it as much cold boiled potatoes chopped as you like, season with pepper and salt, add as much gravy or hot water as will make it moist, then put in a stew pan over a gentle fire; dredge in a small quantity of wheat flour, stir it about with a spoon, cover the stew pan, and let it simmer for half an hour—take care that it does not burn. Dish it with

or without a slice of toast under it for breakfast. This hash may be made without potatoes if water is used instead of gravy. A bit of butter may be added, more or less, according to the proportion of fat with the lean meat.

Hashed Cold Meat.

TAKE your bones and stew them in a little water with an onion, some salt and pepper, and, if you like, a little savory herbs. When the goodness is all out of the bones thicken the

gravy with a teaspoonful of cornstarch, and if it is not strong put in a bit of butter; then place your stew pan on the hearth and put in your slices of meat. Warm, but not boil. Serve with toasted bread.

Sponge Cake Fruit.

IT does not matter for this whether the cake is fresh or stale. Either will do. Cut the cake with a sharp knife into slices and place in one large glass dish or in the individual glass

cups that are so popular and pretty. Pour a few drops of sherry over each slice of cake. Then put on a few spoons of fruit, slightly mashed with a silver spoon and sweetened to taste. Then add whipped cream to cover the whole. Do not sweeten the cream too much; flavor it with bitter almond.

Rich Cream.

THREE-QUARTERS of a cup of sugar, ¼ cup of butter, 2 eggs, ¼ cup of milk, 1 teaspoonful of vanilla, ¼ cup of pastry flour, ¼ cup of reliable prepared flour.

THE JARR FAMILY BY ROY L. McCARDELL

A Good Way to Keep a Husband Home Is to Let Him Have Some Enjoyment There.

MRS. JARR had a few friends in to play cards, for, as Mrs. Jarr truthfully said, as he would play cards she thought it best to let him have his friends to the house, instead of his going out, goodness only knows where, and staying out till all hours.

This is how the game went. It was a ten-cent-limit poker.

"Now, please, Mr. Jarr, don't scold little Emily just because she wants to pull all of your chips over into Mr. Rangle's pile to build a house with them!" said Mrs. Jarr. As the game was well under way after a P. M. and Mr. Jarr had achieved some petulance at the little girl thinking it was all gotten up for her special amusement.

"It makes a great deal of difference, Mrs. Jarr!" said the head of the house. "I am keeping bank, and how can I know how I stand if Emily acts like that and takes a handful of chips out of the box and throws them into the pot?"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Jarr!" cried the fond mother. "You are so seldom in the house that I thought it would be a treat for the children to see you, and I thought maybe some of the gentlemen might do funny tricks with cards for them like that ridiculous Mr. Hinky used to do at our boarding-house when we were first married. Mr. Hinky used to have everybody just wild wondering how he did them, and he used to say the funniest things!"

"I'll say some things that are not funny if you don't send the children to bed! Look at Willie climbing up on Mr. Bingle's chair! And Emily has the cards all sticky! Why do you give her candy?" exclaimed Mr. Jarr.

"I shouldn't have. It was some of that stuff you brought home the night—but, never mind, I don't believe in washing dirty fingers in private, then!" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Take the kids away and let us have some of that beer I ordered!"

"There'll be no beer drunk in this house, Mr. Jarr! You waste enough of your money outside on beer!"

"Isn't this enough to drive a man crazy? Whose deal is it?" exclaimed Mr. Jarr, banging his hand down on the table. "There, I've held up a card the many—and I had three kings and the first good pot to-night. Gimme a cigar, Rangle!"

"I'll have no smoking or dirt-making in my dining-room, I'll tell you that, Mr. Jarr!" exclaimed Mr. Jarr.

"Come, children, to bed. Your father hates the sight of you! He abuses your poor mother, too! All he cares for is to gamble, smoke and drink with a lot of men that should be home with their own families!"

Delivering this parting shot Mrs. Jarr withdrew, and the game proceeded in fairly good order with a raised limit and some surreptitious smoking until midnight, when a loud knocking from Mrs. Jarr's bedroom interrupted the game, and the shout came from Mrs. Jarr was heard to say, "Are you and that gang of yours going to have the neighbors' company and are you putting up with those men go home! I'll not have Mr. Rangle run around telling the neighbors that we keep her husband here playing him with drink and cheating his money from him!"

"Oh, let's cash in and quit," ventured the timid Mr. Bingle, who was a bachelor.

"Bure!" interposed Rangle. "The good wife is right, Jarr, old man, and we are obliged to her and you for a jolly evening. Gimme thirty dollars for these chips. Never mind the two odd whites."

"If I had a wife like that," said Mr. Rangle when the guests got outside, "I'm wring her neck!"

"I'm glad I never married!" said the mild Mr. Bingle.

"But you are going to be married next month, ain't you?" asked Rangle.

Mr. Bingle groaned, but said nothing in reply.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY. By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Coffee Flummery.

ONE and one-half cups of made coffee, 1 cup of milk, 1 large tablespoon of granulated gelatin, all put on stove in a saucepan. Beat yolks of 3 eggs and 3-4 cup sugar together. When milk and coffee are hot stir egg and sugar in and keep stirring until it is like soft custard. Take from stove, stir in beaten whites and teaspoon vanilla. Serve with or without whipped cream.

Red Spots from Pimples.

CHAS E-Reg spots left from pimples are just like those from any other cause, and you must give them time to fade. This will help in the process: Lactoline, 2 drams; ointment of biniodide of mercury, 1 dram. Rub in well once a day.

"KING MIDAS"—A Love Story—By UPTON SINCLAIR—Author of "THE JUNGLE"

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Helen Davis is daughter of a rural Georgian living near New York. Her father, Mr. Davis, is a man of great wealth and influence. Helen is a young woman of great beauty and intelligence. She has been in love with a young man named Harrison for some time. Harrison is a man of great wealth and influence. He has been in love with Helen for some time. They have been engaged for some time. Their families are opposed to their marriage. They are determined to marry each other. They are determined to marry each other.

CHAPTER V.

(Continued.)

"MAY I join you?" Mr. Harrison asked, as he looked at Helen. "Certainly," said Helen, smiling. She introduced the two men, and Mr. Harrison sat down on the other side of the girl. Somehow or other, Helen seemed less endurable than he had just before, for his voice was not as soft as Mr. Howard's, and now Helen's attention was gone and she was again one of the millionaire's very limited attentions.

"That was a very interesting thing we just heard," said Helen, looking at Mr. Harrison. "What was it?" asked Mr. Harrison. "I have just heard that you are going to marry a young man named Harrison," said Helen. "Yes," said Mr. Harrison. "The name sounds familiar. I may have heard it before."

Helen glanced nervously at Mr. Howard, but the latter gave no sign.

"Mr. Howard is himself a violinist," she said. "We must be careful what criticisms we make."

"Oh, I do not make any—I do not know enough about it," said the other, with heartiness which seemed to Helen to fail of deserving the praising epithet of " bluff."

"Mr. Howard has just been telling me about his own playing," Helen went on, growing a little desperate. "I hope he admired it as much as I did," said the fortune-hunter, smiling.

"I'm afraid he didn't," said Helen, trying to turn the matter into a laugh.

"He didn't!" exclaimed Mr. Harrison, in surprise. "Why not?"

"He asked the question of Mr. Howard, and Helen reddened, for fear he might begin with that dreadful flow of always three persons concerned, who now, but the man merely said, very quietly, "My criticism was of rather a technical nature, Mr. Harrison."

"I'm sure, for my part, I thought her playing wonderful," said the gentleman from Cincinnati, to which other did not reply.

Helen felt herself between two fires and her vexation was increasing every moment; try as she would, she could not think of anything to change the subject, and it was fortunate that the watchful Mr. Polly was on hand to save her. Mrs. Roberts too diplomatic a person not to see the unwelcome position Mr. Harrison in a position where his disapproval must be so very apparent, and so she came determined to carry one of the two men away.

As she came near, Mr. Howard rose, again with some as it seemed to Helen, and asked the girl to dance with him. "I have been feeling quite ill to-day," he explained.

Helen, as she saw him walk away with Mrs. Roberts, sank back with a sigh which was only half-strained. "A very peculiar person," said Mr. Harrison, who was clever enough to divine her vexation.

by all the homages she had received, was soon waiting delightedly in his arms. The man danced well, fortunately for him, and that he was the beautiful girl's ardent admirer was by this time evident, not only to Helen, but to everyone else.

In the mood that she was then, the fact was as welcome to her as it could possibly have been, and when, therefore, Mr. Harrison kept her arm and begged for the next dance, and the next in turn, Helen was sufficiently carried away to have no wish to refuse him; when after the third dance she was tired out and sat down to rest, Mr. Harrison was still her companion.

Helen was at the very height of her happiness then, every trace of her former vexation gone, and likewise every trace of her objections to the man beside her. The music was still sounding merrily, and everyone else was dancing, so that her attention did not seem at all out of taste; and so brilliant and fascinating had she become, and so completely enraptured was Mr. Harrison, that he would probably have capitulated then and there if the dancing had not ceased and the company separated when it did. The end of all the excitement was a great disappointment to Helen; she was completely happy just then, and would have gone just as far as the stream had carried her. It being her first social

experience was probably the reason that she was less easily wearied than the rest; and besides, when one has thus yielded to the sway of the senses, he dreads instinctively the subsiding of the excitement and the awakening of reason.

The awakening, however, is one that must always come; Helen, having sent away the maid, suddenly found herself standing alone in the middle of her own room, gazing at herself in the glass, and seeing a frightened look in her eyes. The merry laughter of the guests ceased gradually, and silence settled about the halls of the great house; but even then Helen did not move. She was standing there still when her aunt came into the room.

Mrs. Roberts was about as excited as was possible in a matron of her age and dignity; she flung her arms rapturously around Helen, and clasped her to her. "My dear," she cried, "it was a triumph!"

"Yes, Auntie," said Helen, weakly.

"You dear child, you!" went on the other, laughing. "I don't believe you realize it yet! Do you know, Helen, that Mr. Harrison is madly in love with you? You ought to be the happiest girl in the land to-night!"

"Yes, Auntie," said Helen again, still more weakly.

"Come here, my dear," said Mrs. Roberts, drawing her gently over to the bed and sitting down beside her. "You are a little dazed, I fancy, and I do not blame you. I should have been beside myself at your age if such a thing had happened to me; do you realize, child, what a fortune like Mr. Harrison's is?"

"No," said Helen. "It is very hard, Aunt Polly. I'm afraid about it; I must have some time to think."

"Think!" laughed the other. "You queer child! My dear, do you actually mean that you could think of refusing this chance of your lifetime?"

"I don't know," said Helen, trembling. "I don't."

"Everybody'd think you were crazy, child! I know I should, for one," And she added coaxingly, "Let me tell you what Mr. Roberts said."

"What, Auntie?"

"He sent you in this message; he's a great person for doing generous things, when he takes it into his head. He told me to tell you that if you'd accept Mr. Harrison's offer he would give you the finest trousseau that he could buy. Wasn't that splendid of him?"

"Yes," said Helen, "thank him for me," and she shuddered. "Don't talk to me any more about it now, though," she pleaded. "Please don't, Aunt Polly. I was so excited, and it was all like a dream, and I must think, somehow; it's too dreadful!"

"You shan't think about it to-night, child! I laughed the other, "for I want you to sleep and be beautiful to-morrow. See," she added, beginning to unfasten Helen's dress. "I'm going to be your little mother to-night, and put you to bed."

And so, soothing the girl and kissing her burning forehead and trying to laugh away her fears, her delighted protectress undressed her, and did not leave her until she had seen her in bed and kissed her again. "And promise me, child," she said, "that you won't worry yourself to-night. Go to sleep, and you'll have time to think to-morrow."

Helen promised that she would; but she did not keep her promise. She heard the great clock in the hallway strike many times, and when the darkest hours of the night had passed she was sitting up in bed and gazing about her at the gray shadows in the room, holding the covering tightly about her, because she was very cold; she was muttering nervously to herself, half deliriously: "No, no, I will not do it! They shall not make me do it! I must have time to think!"

And when at last she fell into a restless slumber, that thought was still in her mind, and those words upon her lips: "I will not do it; I must have time to think!"

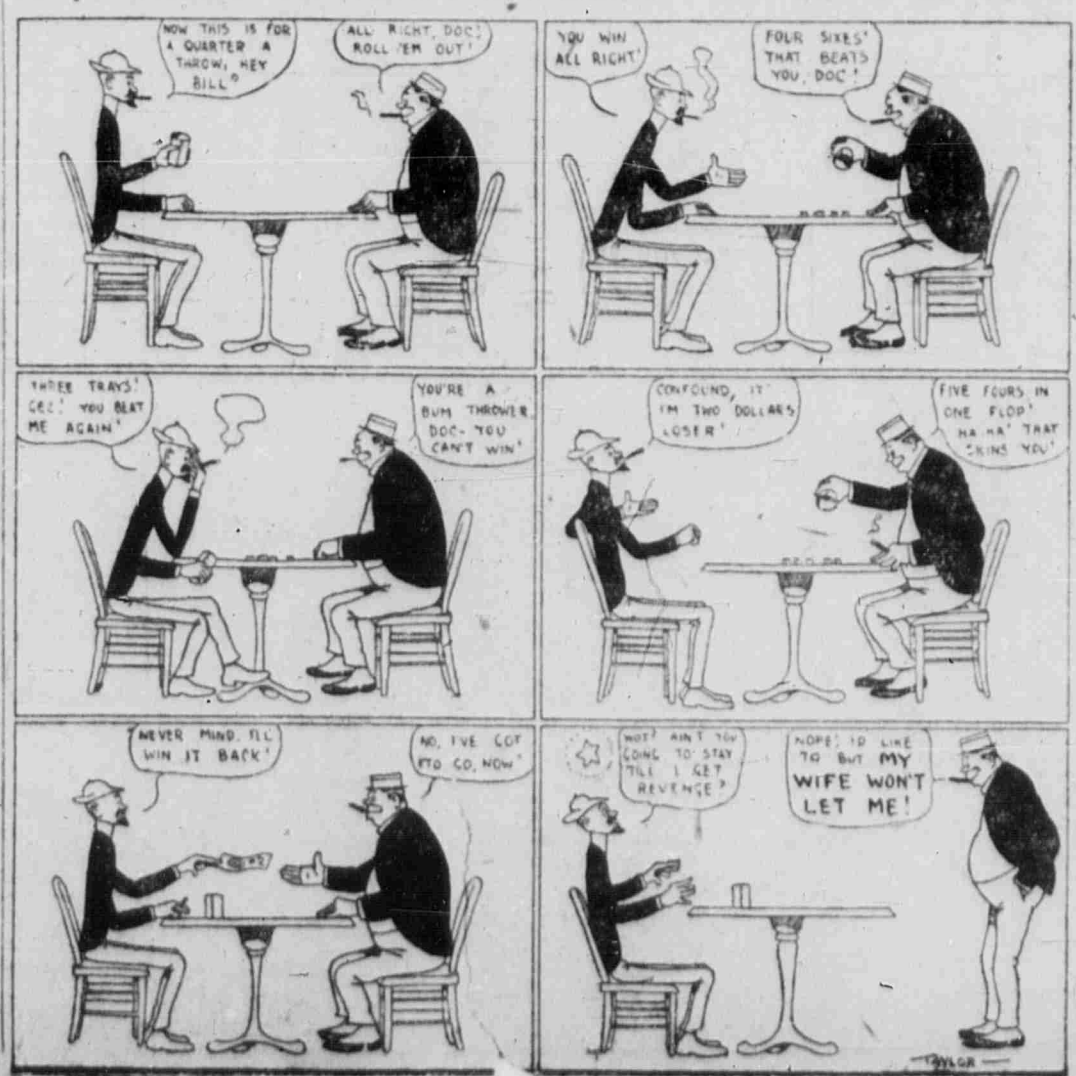
CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Helen awoke the following morning, the resolution to withstand her aunt's urging was still strong within her; as she arose to bring back the swift events of the night before the first discovery of her position, she felt a headache and a feeling of weariness and dissatisfaction that was new to her. She arose and looked in the glass, and seeing that she was pale, vowed again, "They shall not torment me in this way! I do not even mean that he shall propose to me; I must have time to realize it!"

And so firm was she in her own mind that she rang the bell and sent the maid to call her aunt. And when only five o'clock in the morning, and Helen presumed that neither Mrs. Roberts nor any of the other guests would be awake, they not being fresh from boarding school as she was.

It turned out, however, that Mrs. Roberts had been up and dressed a considerable time—for a reason which, when Helen learned it, prevented her delivering so quickly the speech she had upon her mind; she noticed a worried expression upon her aunt's face as soon as the latter came into the room.

My Wife Won't Let Me! By R. W. Taylor.



MAY MANTON'S DAILY FASHIONS



Girl's Dress with Gimpes—Pattern No. 5458.

THIS guimpe dress is always a pretty and becoming one, and here is a model that includes a number of novel features and that is graceful in the extreme. In the illustration it is made of white linen lawn with trimming of pale blue, the guimpe being of all-over embroidery, but as the guimpe can be made with sleeves quite as well as without it becomes adapted to autumn as well as to warm weather wear, and will be found a most satisfactory and attractive model for cashmere, albatros, velvet and all similar light wools, as well as for the more dressy materials. For the immediate present the simpler washable materials are as appropriate as the linen, with trimming either of contrasting color or of any banding that may be liked. The fact that the guimpe can be made without sleeves means that it is absolutely cool and comfortable. Material for medium size (10 years) is 4 1/2 yards 22, 1 1/2 yards 24 or 25 1/2 yards 11 inches wide, with 1 1/2 yards 36 inches wide and 7 3/4 yards of all-over material for the guimpe. Pattern 5458 is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

How to Obtain These Patterns.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third Street, New York City. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern or a draft.

MAIL ORDER.—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.